

great majority of our fine writers have gone directly counter to any such doctrine and discipline. No advocate will venture to deny, that they have commended and instigated the love of applause, of fame, of glory, or whatever it may be called, in a degree which, if the preceding representation be just, places them in pointed hostility to the Christian religion. Sometimes, indeed, when it was the planetary hour for high philosophy, or when they were in a splenetic mood, occasioned perhaps by some chagrin of disappointed vanity, they have acknowledged, and even very rhetorically exposed, the inanity of this same glory. Most of our ingenious authors have, in one place or another, been moral or satirical at the expense of what Pope so aptly denominates the "fool to fame."\* They perceived the truth, but as the truth did not make them free, they were willing after all to dignify a passion to which they felt themselves irretrievable slaves. And they have laboured to do it by celebrating, with every splendid epithet, the men who were impelled by this passion through the career in which they were the idols of servile mankind and their own; by describing glory as the best incentive to noble actions, and their worthiest reward; by placing the temple of Virtue (proud station of the goddess) in the situation to be a mere introduction to that of Fame; by lamenting that so few, and their unfortunate selves not of the number, can "climb the steep where that proud temple shines afar: "† and by intimating a charge of meanness of spirit against those, who have no generous ardour to distinguish themselves from the crowd, by deeds calculated and designed to pitch them aloft in gating admiration. If sometimes the ungracious recollection strikes them, and seems likely to strike their readers, that this admiration is provokingly capricious and perverse, since men have gained it without rightful claims, and lost it without demerit, and since all kinds of fools have

\* "As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

POPE, " *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*," line

12" † The author is not over-exact in the wording of his quotations :•— " Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb